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turned pale with affright—and even Satan himself fled within the lowest depths to hide his head from the dreaded enemy. Then, because he was unfit for heaven, and that hell refused to take him, he was decreed to walk the earth with a lantern to light him on his nightly way till the day of judgment.—Such, reader, is the legend relative to Jack-o'-the-Lantern, commonly believed by the peasantry in many districts of Ireland. E. W.

#### MAMMALIA AND MOLUSCA.

In the loose meaning of the word, we call a *whale* a *fish*, and we call an *oyster* a *shell-fish*. Now a whale is a warm-blooded animal, which suckles its young with milk, and this milk, when fresh, is as rich and as nice as the best cream. Therefore, a whale much more nearly resembles a cow than a fish; and if we had as much management of the sea as we have of the land, and could keep herds of tame whales, the quantity of cream, and butter, and cheese, which they would yield would be immense, and the flesh of the young ones, properly cooked, would be as fine as veal, if not finer. An oyster, again, is no more a fish than a garden snail, though the one has two shells—or, rather, two jointed valves, or shutters, to its shell—while the other has only one, though it also covers the opening of its shell with a temporary shutter, while it *hibernates*, that is, lies in a state of inactivity, during the winter. The whale is thus properly one of the “suckling animals,” for which we happen to have no common English name, and thus we make use of the Latin word *mammalia*, which has precisely the same meaning. The oyster is one of those animals which, though sometimes having shells, and sometimes not, have no bones, or even grisly parts of much substance in them, and thus they are “soft animals.” We have no general name for this either, and therefore we use the Latin word *mollusca*, which means exactly soft animals.

#### ON THE VELOCITY OF BODIES IN FLUIDS.

At one of the Sectional Meetings of the British Association, Mr. Russell made the following observations on the resistance experienced at various velocities, by bodies moving through fluids at various rates. His experiments he was enabled to carry on upon a magnificent scale, by the liberal conduct of the canal companies of Scotland. The law of resistance most depended upon since the time of Newton was, that the resistance increased as the square of the velocity, and that this law did not cease until the velocity became very great. In this, however, the essential diversity of the circumstances of totally immersed, and of partially floating bodies, had been overlooked. The result which he experienced was, that the motion of a canal boat was more and more retarded up to a certain velocity; that at this velocity the resistance became a maximum: and that, beyond this, the velocity being increased, the resistance actually diminished, and consequently the force of traction required to keep up that velocity was less than the force of traction required to keep up a less; by which it happened that there was a velocity below which it would be less profitable for a ship or boat to be propelled, than any velocity above it—a circumstance, as he justly observed, of no little importance to our canal companies. This extraordinary effect he attributed to the wave excited in the canal by the motion of the boat; for this wave, once excited, can be shown, both by theory and actual experiment, to have a velocity quite independent of that of the boat, and depending solely on the depth of the canal. This velocity is that acquired by a stone, or other heavy body, in falling down half the depth of the canal; so that, if the canal were twelve feet deep, the wave upon it would have constantly the very same velocity that a stone, if let fall from a height of six feet above the floor of a room, would strike the floor with. The velocity of this wave he, in fact, found to be the speed, beyond which the boat became less retarded; and the fact he accounted for, by supposing that the boat, at slower velocities, had, as it were, the hill arising from this wave constantly before it, but as soon as it reached this velocity it went forward, supported on the top of this wave, along with it, while the fore part of the vessel was almost elevated out of the water.

#### DECEMBER—THE BLACK-BIRD.

(BY A LADY.)

The year is declining—how sullen and gray  
The aspect of nature, late lovely and gay:  
The trees are all leafless, and angry the swell  
Of the bright gentle streamlet that flow'd thro' the dell.  
The black-bird still flits the bare branches among,  
But meets with no beauty to call forth its song:  
The leaves and gay blossoms have faded away—  
No rose-bud is smiling in dewy array—  
Then fly to some shelter to guard thee from harm—  
Oh! hie thee, bird, hie! from the gathering storm.

No vestige of summer is now to be seen—  
Its verdure, so lovely, has lost its bright sheen—  
Like a love-lorn damsel, its sallowness tells  
The chill and decay in its bosom that dwells.  
The zephyrs that fann'd into life the fresh flowers,  
And wafted their odours through grottos and bowers,  
Are changed into billows—with fury they rage,  
As if war with the high things of earth they would wage.  
Then fly, timid bird, to some covert, nor brave  
The rude, noisy storm that tells of the grave.

The sky with dense vapours is shrouded and dark—  
A speck of its pure light is scarce left to mark—  
Clouds roll a huge volley while evening draws near,  
As if to commingle with our nether sphere—  
Crows, soaring to meet them, croak loud as they sweep,  
Proclaiming, 'mid shrill winds their course they can keep.  
Like all evil doers, they hail with delight  
The season that cloaks their wild pursuits from sight;  
But you, charming bird, with the sweet, thrilling lay,  
To a clime more congenial now haste thee away.

Kilkenny.

#### SERENADE.

Wake, Lady, wake! the moon shines bright,  
And throws through thy window a silv'ry light,  
As silently through the midnight sky  
She passes the clear and bright stars by,  
Sparkling in golden dyes:  
Now all that is brilliant, and fair, and bright,  
Is cheering my lonely heart to-night,  
Where nothing is wanting, save the light  
Of thy blue eyes.

Wake, Lady, wake! thy lover waits  
To bear thee far from these thrice-barred gates,  
Where thy maiden faith, and feelings of truth,  
Have been checked since the days of early youth,  
And thine eye been dim'd with tears.  
Oh! come, my love—I will bear thee away  
To a home where our love shall feel no decay—  
Where affection's vow shall soon allay  
Thy maiden fears.

Wake, Lady, wake! the breezes rise,  
And our bark spreads her sail to the midnight skies,  
And her proud breast heaves in the azure main,  
And she longs to be joyously dancing again  
O'er the billowy wave.  
Far off in the isles of the deep blue sea  
Shall we spend our days in mirthful glee,  
And our labour of love for ever shall be  
The home of the brave.

Wake, Lady, wake! the day draws nigh,  
The moon sinks fast in the western sky,  
The twinkling stars withdraw their light,  
And the morning breaks thro' the clouds of night,  
Proclaiming the coming day.  
My fair one awakes! her steps I note!  
My faithful crew, now trim the boat,  
And over the waves we gaily float.  
Away! away!

Ballymena.

S. J \* \* \*

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